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Contents for Week of April 21, 1930. Vol. IX. No. 9.

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A BEDOUIN GIRL OF ALGIERS

(See Bulletin No. 5)

HOW TEACHERS MAY OBTAIN THE BULLETINS

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St. Malo, Mistress of America's Oldest Industry

MEN engaged in the oldest industry of North America have begun their annual operations.

They are the fishermen from St. Malo, France, who come annually to the Newfoundland Banks and have been coming for the last 400 years.

In addition to being the oldest industry of North America, it is also one which has been least changed. The industrial revolution has not yet reached the St. Malo fishing fleet. Twenty vessels that sailed proudly out of the ancient port a month ago were fitted with square sails that bellied in the wind, sails just like those Jacques Cartier and John Cabot used when they sailed to the New World soon after Columbus' voyage.

Built on an Island of Granite

Banners and pageantry marked the celebration which accompanied the annual sailing of the vessels. The Archbishop of Rennes blessed the fleet with solemn rites. Rennes was the capital of old Brittany and its archbishop visits St. Malo annually to perform this service.

Situated in northwestern France on the English Channel coast, St. Malo dates from ancient times. It was for years a thorn of dissension among the French Kings, Breton dukes and the English. The city is built on an island of granite in the Bay of St. Malo and is joined to the mainland by a causeway.

Despite its age, the term "a medieval town" cannot exactly describe St. Malo. Parts of it date from the twelfth century, but the majority of its buildings are monuments of seventeenth century industry. The town proper is entirely inclosed by a wall of medieval construction. Inside its ramparts the houses of the Malouins are packed together like sardines. Space and modern sanitation are lacking. The Rue Grande, St. Malo's main street, starts out as a noble thoroughfare about 12 feet wide, but it reverts to type and assumes the narrowness common to the other streets. Quaint and picturesque are some of the so-called streets, which barely allow the passing of a heavy person with any degree of comfort.

Spire Ordered for Dinan Went to St. Malo Instead

The medley of architectural types found in the town has its counterpart in St. Malo's Cathedral, which was begun by Bishop Jean de Chatillon in 1152. The choir belongs to the fourteenth century, the right aisle is fifteenth century, and the left aisle is seventeenth. Topping it all is the spire which Napoleon III ordered erected about eighty years ago. The emperor had been visiting the Breton city of Dinan when he saw that its cathedral, dedicated to St. Malo, needed a new spire. Through some misunderstanding the spire was allotted to the cathedral in St. Malo so the Malouins topped their medieval church with a modern spire.

Some four hundred years ago Brittany had a Duchess Anne, a spirited ruler who wished a residence in St. Malo. The Bishop of St. Malo disliked the idea of the duchess living there and probably interfering with his régime, so he forbade the work. Undaunted, Anne built the chateau which is today a capital attraction in St. Malo, and had inserted in the masonry of St. Thomas' tower an inscription which read: "Whosoever shall grumble at it, so shall it be, it is my pleasure." Anne's retort to the doughty Bishop became a byword among the Malouins, and tourists still flock to read the partly erased inscription.

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GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE ON THE SLOPES OF THE MOUNT OF OLIVES

The Garden has now a Russian Church with domes like upturned beets, and a new Franciscan Basilica (See Bulletin No. 2).

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Jerusalem at Twilight

WHAT is it like to be in Jerusalem on the eve of Easter?

The spell that the Holy City throws over one who walks down from the Mount of Olives as twilight falls is revealed in a communication to the National Geographic Society by Major Edward Keith-Roach.

"Leaving the Mount of Olives, we start down a stony track toward the city," he writes. "Behind us a purple mist, changing to lilac edged with pink, drifts across the Sea that is Dead, which now looks like skimmed milk in a bowl of brown. Before us the setting sun reddens a cloud, its center like the furnace fired seven times more than it was wont to be heated. Minaret, tower, and dome fade away, giving an indefinite background to the Dome of the Rock, which appears a mere blur of lead in a white courtyard.

Lights in the Old City Glimmer Across the Valley

"The sun disappears and the heavens westward change from red to gold, to orange, and to pink.

"A few early lamps from the Saracenic arches of the Haram or from houses in the Old City glimmer across the valley like pale-gold stars.

"The stony track wanders through scattered patches of grain dotted with old, old olive groves, and past a sheltered nook where fig trees have found a holding, safe from the winds.

"Parts of the city gradually detach themselves from the sunburnt mass. First, the tower of the Italian hospital is outlined on the colored horizon; then the Anglican cathedral, and on Mount Zion the German church; then minarets and spires within the walls, and finally domes of mosques, synagogues, and churches, until, for a few brief minutes, all stand out in bold relief like a train of camels on a desert skyline.

The Sound of Bells and the Muezzin's Call

"As we descend the rough path, the weather-beaten golden domes of the Russian church below us in Gethsemane look like burnished brass topped with lead. Unexpectedly the sound of their bells crashes out through the quiet of evening and as suddenly dies away. An answering call comes from others across the valley, and then a brief silence until from the Haram the voice of the muezzin calls the faithful to prayer—one clear call.

"A peal of church bells lilting across a valley may inspire, but for wistful beauty nothing equals a silver-voiced muezzin calling to prayer. In those few short sentences the pathos, the warmth, the vehemence, the enthusiastic ecstasy, of Islam are heard, and he who follows the Prophet must be cold indeed to withstand the appeal.

"We stumble on the steep slope. Voices of shouting children are heard. In a leafy tree a baby is hanging while his mother works in the field. She steps toward him and, taking down the hammock, swings it across her back to carry him home, while the father sets forth, sitting sideways on his donkey.

Back into the Walled City Once More

"A boy passes, humming a ditty, and higher up the mount a voice is heard calling him to hurry home. We reach the bottom of the valley and pass the shrine erected over the tomb of the Virgin Mary. The door is closed; the shrine is hushed.

The Maison de Cheval Blanc, the house of the white horse, where Anne stayed on her trip to the channel port, is also a spot of interest for visitors to St. Malo. Another interesting place is Periwinkle Castle, an ancient structure, so named because local legend has it that the facade is covered with periwinkles, shining and artistically arranged, during the midnight mass of Christmas. This supernatural adornment, the Malouins say, is only apparent to those who have never committed mortal sin.

Jacques Cartier and Others Lived Here

St. Malo is kind to her great men and commemorates their deeds with monuments. Chateaubriand, the famous philosopher who was born there, is honored by a statue, and a public square and a hotel are named for him. Lamenais, the religious writer, and Jacques Cartier, the Canadian explorer, are memorialized by statues which adorn the city. The real hero of St. Malo is none of these but the famous corsair, Duguay-Trouin, who in his forty years of piracy captured Rio de Janeiro and contributed much to the glory of St. Malo during the régime of its supremacy as a pirate stronghold. Duguay-Trouin's house, still an attraction for tourists, has lost most of the evidences of its former splendor. Many of the old houses of St. Malo, which once harbored treasure plundered on the seas by the Malouin pirates, have been cut up into offices and apartments.

Bulletin No. 1, April 21, 1930.

See also: "St. Malo, Ancient City of the Corsairs," *National Geographic Magazine*, August, 1929; "Standing Iceberg Guard in the North Atlantic," July, 1926; and "Life on the Grand Banks," July, 1921.

© *Photograph by Lieut. Commander F. A. Zeusler*

FRENCH FISHERMEN OF ST. MALO ON THE GRAND BANKS

United States Coast Guard vessels on iceberg duty annually meet the French fishing fleet that comes to the Banks for codfish. Often the American vessels are able to render services to the French fishermen far from their home port. Occasionally they give them medical service, check their positions, and take messages for them. The French fishermen always donate a few of their fresh-caught fish to the Americans.

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A New Expedition to the Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes

THE man who discovered the Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes in Alaska is going back this year.

He is Dr. Robert F. Griggs, who led the National Geographic Society's 1916 expedition to Mt. Katmai which resulted in the discovery of the remarkable valley which was at that time a seething inferno of hot rocks, steam and acid gases.*

Dr. Griggs will lead a new National Geographic Society expedition to the same area to study the steps by which Mother Earth heals the great wounds caused by volcanic eruptions.

Studies Bear on Life Story of Yellowstone Hot Springs and Glaciers

Two sets of problems will face the expedition of next summer. The first group will deal with the geology, physics and chemistry of the region. By these studies it is hoped that an estimate can be reached as to the probable life of the steaming valley. The exploration will answer the question: Are the fumaroles that in 1919 were filling the valley with their clouds of vapor dying, or are they being transformed into hot springs like those of the Yellowstone National Park?

These problems will be attacked by making a careful measurement of the temperatures of certain fumaroles and comparing these data with the record of temperatures for the same vents in 1919. This matter gains importance because of the recent studies of Dr. E. G. Zies, published by the National Geographic Society, which indicate that it is under conditions such as those exemplified in the Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes that many ore bodies have originated. It is possible also that more can be learned through observations in the valley after a lapse of eleven years as to the formation of geysers such as those in the Yellowstone, in Iceland and in New Zealand.

The second set of problems to be attacked by the expedition has to do with the way in which growing plants find their way back into a region from which all vegetation has been wiped out by the heat, ashes and pumice from volcanic eruptions. It is realized that conditions in and around the valley immediately after the eruption were somewhat like those throughout the world in the remote past before soil was formed, when plants undertook the great task of preparing the earth so that it could support animals and man.

May Yield Hints of Benefit to Agriculture

When the latest careful examinations were made of the return of vegetation in the region, eleven years ago, and seven years after the eruption of Katmai, it was found that certain pioneer plants had begun to grow in some of the pumice-covered areas, but that in others no plants had appeared. Photographs and descriptions were made of these locations. They will be revisited this summer, and the changes that have taken place will be carefully noted. At the same time the soil in the locations will be analyzed and the analyses compared with those of eleven years ago. It is believed that these studies will throw light on processes of humus formation, thus helping in the solution of some of the most perplexing problems of agriculture.

Bulletin No. 3, April 21, 1930.

*See "Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes," by Robert F. Griggs, National Geographic Society, 1922.

"Passing the tomb of Absalom, we cross the bridge over Kidron, of which a stately cypress is guardian, and reenter the city by the Gate of Our Lady Mary.

"Restaurants and coffee shops are aglow, and an Arabic song from a gramophone strikes harshly on the ear. A richly saddled donkey stands across our path, waiting to take his master home. Men squatting on low coffee stools exchange gossip. A merchant with a shop below street level lifts himself up by a chain to close the shutters.

"Color has gone from the bazaar and the arcade of the silversmiths. The arched tunnel is black, with a point of light at the far end; the color and charm of the merchandise have disappeared behind wooden bars. Smells of sandalwood, spices and curry alone remain.

"A blind man comes slowly along, tapping the timeworn stones. Near the entrance to the courtyard of the Holy Sepulcher a tailor works late finishing a job for the early morning and a heavy iron sizzles on damp cloth.

When the Doors of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher are About to Close

"From the low entrance to the courtyard, an old man emerges, calling 'Allah, Allah.' The courtyard is almost deserted; the great doors of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher are about to be closed. In the darkness, a tiny lamp flickers over the Stones of Unction. Little groups, shadowy phantoms, stand about chanting, 'Kyrie eleison' ('Lord, have mercy upon us and bless us'). A man says his prayers before the shrine, which is outlined by olive-oil lamps. Calvary is flooded with light from candles of the faithful. As we pass through the church, the groups fade into the background. Peace reigns.

"As we reach the Damascus Gate, the 'Last Post' sounds from the police camp on Scopus."

Bulletin No. 2, April 21, 1930.

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A FESTIVAL AT THE TOMB OF SIMON THE JUST

Christians and Moslems, as well as Jews, come every spring to this festival at the north end of Jerusalem.

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Europe's Transcontinental Waterway

"SEE Central Europe by water" may be a new slogan of tourist agencies when the proposed North Sea-Black Sea trans-European waterway is completed.

The waterway will include the Rhine from its mouth to Mainz, Germany; the Main River to the north entrance to the Ludwig Canal, east of Bamberg, Germany; the "rejuvenated" Ludwig Canal to Kelheim on the Danube; and the Danube to the Black Sea. Another canal connects the Rhone with the Rhine.

From the land of Netherland blondes and western customs, passenger boats will sail along the waterway to the land of Balkan brunettes where the atmosphere of the East is encountered. Travelers will pass through portions of six countries—The Netherlands, Germany, Austria, Hungary, Jugoslavia and Rumania—and pass also Czechoslovakia and Bulgaria, whose borders are washed by the Danube.

From Windmills to Smokestacks

Boarding a steamer at the mouth of the Rhine, the traveler will enjoy the flat, green Holland landscape where spotted cattle graze in the shadow of tall, red windmills. At Emmerich, a pink-cheeked, portly customs official will introduce the German Rhine. Here the river panorama changes from a peaceful pastoral country with quiet villages dotting the riverside to a region seething with commerce and industry.

There is Duisburg, the great port of the Ruhr. It is itself a great industrial city where modern machines hum night and day within the walls of huge factories rising above the river front, and where smoke belches from elongated smokestacks that vie in height with the city's church steeples. Duisburg is reputed to be the largest river port in the world.

Twenty miles further up the Rhine, Düsseldorf, a busy commercial and industrial city leaps into view, and about the same distance above Düsseldorf, the graceful twin spires of Köln (Cologne) Cathedral dominate another urban gem of the Rhine Valley life. Before travelers reach busy Koblenz, Fort Ehrenbreitstein, the post-war headquarters of American forces in Germany, is silhouetted against the sky. It surmounts a steep cliff on the east bank of the river opposite Koblenz.

Railroad Drove Traffic off the Ludwig Canal

These cities—Duisburg, Düsseldorf, Köln, and Koblenz—are more than mere centers of trade to the inquisitive traveler. Duisburg has lived through more than 1,500 years of Rhine history; Düsseldorf, about half as many; Köln saw the Romans when they occupied the Rhine Valley, as did Koblenz; and while each city is largely modernized, each has retained a portion of its narrow byways, gabled houses and ancient buildings recalling the early days.

At Mainz, trans-European boats will make a left turn into the channel of the Main River which flows between alternating farmland, forests and vineyards. Through a maze of traffic the boats will weave their way toward Frankfurt, once a Roman trading post, now a busy port through which 7,000,000 tons of freight move annually. Frankfurt is the city of Goethe, the poet, and of the German Rothschilds of European financial fame.

Fertile Bavarian farmlands, here and there dotted with small villages, border the Ludwig Canal. The present canal was opened in 1846. Fourteen years later a railroad was built along its banks. Strict limitations on the size of craft that

© *Photograph by B. B. Fulton*

DR. ROBERT F. GRIGGS, EXPEDITION LEADER, STRUGGLING THROUGH THE QUICK-SANDS OF KATMAI RIVER

© *Photograph by J. W. Shipley*

WHAT A VOLCANIC ERUPTION AND A FLOOD DID TO A VALLEY

The new expedition to the Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes, which goes to Alaska this summer, will study the efforts of Nature to restore trees and plants and a normal life to this region which was devastated by the explosion of Mt. Katmai in 1912.

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Algiers After a Century of French Rule

A PALM tree festival, a rose and an orange congress, a sheep festival, an exhibition of historical costumes, fencing contests, sailing regattas, aviation displays and a battle of flowers—all these events and more are on the program by which Algiers celebrates this spring its first 100 years under French rule.

An obscure walled town, clinging to the steep south Mediterranean shore; a town where raucous coffee-house orchestras and wild tales of adventurous pirates who operated out of this port supplied the only local excitement—such was Algiers until 1830.

To-day Algiers ranks with the busiest ports on the Mediterranean. Terrace above terrace, the dazzling white city rises from the water's edge to the walled citadel that dominates Algiers, its harbor, and the land and sea for many miles beyond. Each row of houses on streets paralleling the shoreline thrust at least one story above the roofs of the row in front, as if straining for an unhampered view of the harbor.

Ships of Many Nations Fill City's Harbor

Cargo and passenger boats fly an international medley of flags. There are huge transatlantic boats destined for Genoa or Naples, British boats from a half dozen colonies that dot the world, and Japanese and Chinese boats. The French flag is everywhere in Algiers, and there are so many French ships in the harbor that natives take their arrival as a matter of daily routine.

Among the French steamers are the mail boats which make the 500-mile run from Marseille in less than twenty-four hours. In a year nearly 5,000 ocean steamers and more than 10,000 Mediterranean coasters stir the blue waters of Algiers harbor, not to mention the many hundreds of smaller local craft that dot the anchorage.

Out in the harbor are boatloads of coal. Hillocks of coal cover large wharves, for Algiers is an important coaling station. Coal is just one of the reasons for a harbor full of boats. Large barrels of Algerian wine are piled high. Near-by are piles of smaller barrels, huge mounds of grain-filled sacks, heaps of boxes packed with luscious dates, and barricades of cork bark, the chief export of Algiers, stacked like cordwood.

Paris in Africa

Engines shunt cars from one wharf to another to be loaded and unloaded by half-naked, dark-tanned natives; huge wagons, some drawn by six horses and driven by barefooted, beturbaned men in sheet-like gowns, come and go in an endless procession; and now and then a 5-ton auto truck, driven by an impatient chauffeur, attempts to open a gap in the traffic by blowing a noisy horn.

Back of the busy waterfront is a wall with numerous arches leading to spacious warehouses. The roofs of these warehouses form the Boulevard de la République, lined with six-story buildings housing Algiers banks and business houses. Pedestrians reach the Boulevard by stairways, while vehicles approach it by ramp-like roadways.

The Boulevard de la République is not only the beginning of Algiers proper but also the beginning of the French quarter. The native quarter lies just beyond it, up the steep hillside. Numerous streets running at right angles to the Boule-

could be accommodated on the waterway, coupled with the fact that the Main and Danube were not navigable at the canal's ends during certain seasons, made it impossible to compete with the railroad line.

Three Capitals on Route of Trans-Europe Waterway

The Danube portion of the waterway passes through three capitals of Europe. First there is Wien (Vienna), the gay capital of Austria, a city of palatial buildings, fine restaurants, theaters, of light airy apartment buildings and memories of Mozart, Beethoven and Brahms, who lived among the city's music lovers. Next comes Budapest, the two-in-one capital of Hungary, a city of carefully proportioned squares and parks and of beautiful vistas that are unsullied by industrial plants which the city planners have driven to the suburbs. Farther down stream lies Beograd (Belgrade), the capital of Jugoslavia.

Between these cities panoramas change almost abruptly with nearly every bend in the river. Crowning the wooded Danube bank in Bavaria is the German Temple of Honor, a magnificent Parthenon-like edifice. On a steep cliff dominating Melk, Austria, rises the long, high, many-windowed walls of a monastery, topped by numerous towers and a huge dome. The ruins of Visegard, where centuries ago kings of Hungary summered, is perched upon a peak just north of Budapest. Other ruins of castles, some once the homes of royalty and some of river pirates, also throw their shadows from eminences along the winding stream.

Travelers will see women wearing a dozen skirts, the outer ones so voluminous that they contain more than 15 yards of cloth; other women with wide hoop-like skirts, fancy bodices, fancy cloth headdresses, the latter designed and worn like royal crowns; and other women in less extreme types of clothing.

Bulletin No. 4, April 21, 1930.

Note: Europe's waterways have received extensive treatment in the *National Geographic Magazine:* "The Danube, Highway of Races," December, 1929; "Rediscovering the Rhine," July, 1925; "Across the Midi in a Canoe," August, 1927; "Through the Back Doors of Belgium," May, 1925; and "Through the Back Doors of France," July, 1923.

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GERMANY MAKES THE UTMOST USE OF HER CANALS

To an already vast network, the Germans continue to add still more canals. They cut freight costs. A log raft on the East Prussian Highland Canal, with hut of straw for the pilot.

vard de la République remind the traveler of those of Paris. Plate-glass show windows display the latest French frocks for women, men's haberdashery and other merchandise. French street cars, some with American equipment, clang their way through the narrow streets, and bright-colored autos stop at the curb where native chauffeurs, in uniforms from Paris, assist their passengers, attired in Parisian modes, to alight.

The only touch of the Orient here is in the street crowd where white-gowned, veiled Moslem women with pantaloons as large as filled potato sacks rub elbows with smart French officers in natty blue uniforms, lithe French soldiers in blue jackets and brick-dust colored pantaloons, and vacationists from England, America and France who migrate to Algiers annually like New Yorkers flock to Florida. There also are unveiled Jewesses in gay dresses and bright shawls, ragged, bronzed-faced, tattooed Kabyle women, and natives from the islands of the Mediterranean.

You can throw a stone from the edge of the French quarter to the center of the native quarter. Where the gay, busy French quarter abruptly ends, the quiet native quarter begins. Stairways lead from the French to the native quarter. Mounting the steps one passes from West to East; from clean, airy streets into byways too narrow for vehicles, where upper stories protrude so that window sills nearly meet.

Here are bare-legged negroes from the Sudan, Arabs from the desert, Mozabites or Sahara Jews, and a sprinkling of native soldiers, jostling one another.

Bulletin No. 5, April 21, 1930.

Note: Thirty-two natural color plates of Algiers and scenes in French Possessions of North Africa, together with an article "The White City of Algiers," may be referred to in the *National Geographic Magazine*, February, 1928.

© Photograph by Meri La Voy

A COBRA STRIKES AT A BALL

Snake charmers are numerous in market places and bazaars of Algiers